Some One Neglected to Water the Growing Endive With Olive Oil and She Broke Her Ginger Jar Savings Bank and Her Chinese Ceramics Are Preserved.

Well, if there ever was a tired girl it was Lillian Russell last night when she finished up the refurnishing of her home at 161 West Fifty-seventh street and simultaneously finished her spring house cleaning and climbed down from the stepladder. With her own fair hands she dabbed at the end of her dainty nose to wipe off a patch of dust that had accumulated there and reached for a bottle of olive oil to sprinkle the endive salad stalks growing from her window box

And she was angry too. Only last Sat-urday forenoon while marketing over in Third avenue and filling her wicker basket with uncooked victuals for the noon dinner and supper to follow she saw the endive salad and bought some healthy stalks to plant in the window box, where she had planted some romaine salad seeds that failed

Lilly said yesterday that she almost ran all the way home with the endive stalks and never once raised her umbrella in the storm to be sure that her endive would get good and wet and so stay fresh till thrust into the soggy soil of the window box. Then she became occupied in cutting out some red tissue paper in scalloped borders for the pantry shelves and never again thought of the endive stalks till she looked up and noticed them beginning to wilt.

I was heartbroken," Lillian said yesterday as she climbed upon the chairs piled on the dining room table to paper the ceiling, "until in came Vivian Blackburn, who lives just next door, you know. Margaret, I told you, you put too much flour or not enough water in this paste, or both. Growing endive always should be sprinkled with the best Italian olive oil at least once a day,' Viv told me. So I did that and the alad seemed to brighten.

"But shortly after our noon dinner I was that tired from doing all these refurnishings which you've come up to see that I decided I just wanted to have supper toward evening at some restaurant. I remembered evening at some restaurant. I remembered a cheap restaurant down at Atlantic City and so I caught the 2:58 train and stayed until breakfast on Monday. And while I was away not a single soul thought about watering the salad with olive oil during my absence. I suppose I really ought to hire a hired girl instead—Margaret is the maid merely, you know—instead of trying to do all these things myself.

"Now about the new furnishings of the house," began Miss Russell as she climbed down from the chairs on the dining room table and sat beside a new crate of peaches

table and sat beside a new crate of peaches that she was about to begin to peel and do up into cans of peaches Melba for the winter. Through the thin partition could be heard Vivian Blackburn singing at her work as

she dusted and tuned her piano.

Across the street just beyond Carnegie
Hall an earnest rivet driver was attaching the steel frame of a new building together.

The windows of Ben Teal's apartments in the Wyoming, just below, were open, and Ben was talking through the telephone.

Five blocks above at the Circle Jim Norton and Mabel Hite were rehearsing a new song with the stage door open. Down at Forty-second street in the White Room of the Ka-nick Miss Neva Aymar was telling Mrs. Barney Bernard what she thought of a fluff

Barney Bernard what she thought of a fluff that had just said that Mary Anderson was a better actress than Ada Lewis. Toxen Worm, across at another table, was ordering between \$550 and \$600 worth of food for his evening repast. Mason Peters had just entered the bar.

"Pull your chair closer so that we can hear," suggested Lillian thoughtfully as she peeled the peaches Melba with one hand and applied the bleach to the French fried potatoes with the other before putting them on the fire. Silence settled for a moment with nothing to disturb it except the rhythmic blasts in the excavation for another building going on just back of the sheds at the end of the Russell lot where Lillian keeps her chickens and automoillian keeps her chickens and autom

"I don't know that the refurnishing of

"I don't know that the refurnishing of my house here is of general interest," began Miss Russell modestly, as she began to mix the batter for a mess of biscuits. "But if you really want to write about it I'll be glad to tell you what I have done.

"I've done the furnishing all myself, of course, as I have no hired girl except Margaret, who is my maid, and Mrs. Gallagher, my housekeeper, and a few other servants that never have had the domestic training necessary to pefectly good house furnishing. I had only one mishap, although last Wednesday while I was on the roof taking down the wash I slipped on a Welsh rabbit and would have been dashed to pieces on the street below if I had stepped on the rabbit out on the roof instead of in the garret coming down.

"I could hardly call that a mishap, could I, after all?"

"Well, yes and no, Lily," said Vivian Blackburn, who had come across the fire escape to shake a rug and was standing pensively outside of Miss Russell's kitchen window waiting to see the sun set. "Listen to Neva Aymar scold." Miss Blackburn went on with a fair hand held to her shell-

went on with a fair hand held to her shell-like ear. "And at that I think Mary is a better actress than Ada."

"But," resumed Miss Russell as she knelt down to take out the ashes from the kitchen range, "I did have one mishap besides that and the endive salad. One day last week I had worked through the house as far as the spare bedroom and I took down the crystal chandelier in that room. unhooking crystal by crystal to wash them. And at the same time I took off my rings and placed them on the kitchen table be-

and placed them on the kitchen table beside the crystals.
"Now, Vivian is partly responsible for
what happened then, for Viv came in and
suggested that I throw the crystals away,
as they are a bother to keep clean and
always keep jingling downstairs when one
walks upstairs. So one by one I picked
up the crystals and threw them into a
coal scuttle to carry them down to the coal scuttle to carry them down to the ash heap at the end of the yard later, and wasn't I silly enough to keep on throwing the rings away too, never noticing what I

was doing."

It took Miss Russell a long time, however, to nerve herself up to telling about cracking the Chinese ginger jar that she keeps on the kitchen shelf back of the clock near the window, because it's all she can do to keep back the tears when she thinks of it. To begin with, Lilly has a hobby for Chinese ceramics, and there was a sentimental interest attached to the ginger jar besides, because for years she has kept her savings in it. On Monday last after the washing was done she was standing near the ginger jar tying a dust cloth about her head before beginning to sweep that floor of the house when the end of her broom struck the jar and cracked end of her broom struck the jar and cracked

end of her broom struck the jar and cracked it.

Miss Russell said yesterday that she ran out to the woodshed with the jar immediately to get a hatchet, that she might try to tack the broken piece onto the jar again. At the very first blow the whole darn jar smashed. She came back to the house weeping bitterly and Vivian Blackburn, hearing her cries, came down the fire escape and dropping eight feet joined Lilly and helped her into the house. Not until dusk, when Lilly suddenly resemblered that she must go to the jar and get a penny before going over to Avenue A for a pitcher of yeast, did she remember that all her savings were in the jar. She murried out to the woodshed immediately and found only the broken bits of the jar, for the iceman had stolen all her svings.

All night long she cried and cried, so she said yesterday, and when about 4 o'clock in the morning she couldn't stand it any longer she went over to Vivian Blackburn's and tout of her lors.

o'clock in the morning she couldn't stand it any longer she went over to Vivian Blackburn's and told of her loss. Big hearted Vivian dried Lilly's tears and im-mediately lent her a pitcher of yeast. "But I have all my Chinese porcelains still," Miss Russell said with a contented sigh yesterday as she shielded her face from the hot fire with a parasol and turned

the steak. "Tell me whon the sun goes down, Viv, because I always like to see it go down. Will you please watch this steak while I run over to the Teals to borrow a dab of butter?

"Now, as I was saying," Miss Russell resumed when upon her return she took up her work box and began to knit some pairs of stockings, "if there's one thing that appeals to me it is Chinese porcelain. I've picked them up everywhere—in Paris, Tokio, Mauch Chunk, Pennsylvania, London—oh, everywhere. Porcelain is from the Italian porcellana, or Venus shell, so named because of its highly polished surface, which suggests that of the Venus shell, which naturally suggested to this person that named it the upper surface of a pig's back. Hence we have porcella, a diminutive of porce, a pig, from the Latin porcus. And so it goes. Vivian, run over and get your bread knife, like a dear, and I'll watch for the sun to go down.

"Now porcelain has been made by the Chinese for many centuries and in Europe since the discovery of the ingredients in 1717. No, that's Julian Mitchell's telephone number. Yes—no, it was in 1710—or one is

number. Yes—no, it was in 1710—or one is Julian's telephone number and the other is the porcelain date. I'm sure of that.

"The earliest piece of Chinese porcelain," said Miss Russell, referring to the telephone book in her library to avoid mistakes, "dates between 960 and 1318, or the Sung dynasty."

"That's some run, isn't it?" suggested Miss Blackburn, shaking the red table-cloth from the fire escape. "My impression was that this Sung dynasty ended in 1317." It was evident that Miss Blackburn was merely making conversation, because just then she cried out exultantly that she sun had gone deem and the same that the she can be conversation.

then she cried out exultantly that she sun had gone down and dropped the red table-cloth just as a Rogers group entitled "Bringing Home the Bride" and a plush album that had got folded in the cloth unnoticed when it was pulled off the table crashed down upon the grindstone under the apple tree in Miss Russell's yard.

The announcement that the sun finally had got down sent everybody flying about to cut out a bonnet and shawl from the closet so that they could run out and watch the lights flash up on Broadway before going to bed. There was so much anxiety manifested by Lillian and Vivian to get out in Seventh avenue to wait to see the electric signs flash out in Times Square to the southward that one hadn't the heart to detain them and ask about the new furnishings.

furnishings.

Margaret said after the two girls had Margaret said after the two girls had scampered down the steps excitedly to see the lights that there were no new furnishings in the house to write about anyway. It's all old stuff, Margaret said, because Miss Russell isn't going to use the house much this summer. She's going down to Atlantic City for dinner some day soon and then she will spend the rest of the summer with the Joneses, who run a general store at Sparkill, on the Erie road, part of the time going and part of the time coming back and a few days in Sparkill itself.

NEWS OF PLAYS AND PLAYERS. Mme. Kalleh in a Play of Modern Life

-Part for Isabel Irving. Bertha Kalich's fourth starring season under Harrison Grey Fiske's direction will begin in October next. After engagements in Chicago and other Western cities she will come to New York soon after the holidays for her annual engagement. Mme. Kalich will be seen in a play that is being written for her by Mme. Fred de Gresac, the French dramatist, who is known to playgoers in this country through "The Marriage of Kitty," in which Marie Tempest appeared. While the scenes of the new play are laid in Paris and Switzerland and its story touches the circles of society, the stage and the studio, the plot is not concerned in any manner with the domestic complications of many contemporary French plays.

temporary French plays.

Henry Miller has engaged Isabel Irving to play the title rôle in Percy MacKaye's comedy, "Mater," which the actor-manager will produce in San Francisco in July. Mr. Miller himself will play the leading masculine rôle in the San Francisco engagement, but when the play is brought to New York in the autumn the part will be taken by another actor, as Mr. Miller will continue another season in "The Great Divide." Miss Irving returns from Europe Divide." Miss Irving returns from Europe next week and will proceed at once to San Francisco. Among the others in the cast will be Mr. MacKaye's sister and Frederic Lewis.

Miss Phobe Davies, who went to London for the production there of "Way Down East," returned yesterday on the Kaiser Wilhelm II. She was successful in placing for production in London her own play made from Bret Harte's famous story of "Three Men of Sandy Bar," which is to be

"Three Men of Sandy Bar," which is to be produced in this country by William A. Brady and Joseph R. Grismer.

Maurice Levi will open his concert tour with his band at Manhattan Beach tomorrow afternoon at 5 o'clock. The band consists of thirty-five musicians and includes Herbert L. Clarke, the cornet soloist. Two concerts will be given daily; the first will start at 5 o'clock. ill start at 5 o'clook.
Miss Marie Wainwright has been engaged

by Charles Frohman for a prominent part in "Samson." the latest play by Henri Bern-stein, author of "The Thief." William Gillette is to star in it.

Miss Florence Nash, who played the stuttering girl in "Miss Hook of Holland," has been reengaged for the same part part

has been reengaged for the same part next season Miss Nash will continue in this part until the end of the Boston engage-ment, when she will be assigned a dramatic part in another one of Charles Frohman's

PRESIDENT ORDERS MUZZLES. They're for District of Columbia Dogs

-Rabies Prevalent. WASHINGTON, June 16 .- Upon the recommendation of President Roosevelt all dogs in the District of Columbia will be muzzled for the next six months because of the prevalence of rabies.

The order will apply to all dogs except those in arms or on laps. There have been forty-six cases of rabies in Washington in the last twenty-eight days.

Mrs. Sage Gives \$15,000 More for the

Long Island Railroad Y. M. C. A. By an additional gift of \$15,000 for the erection of a building for the Long Island Railroad branch of the Y. M. C. A. Mrs. Russell Sage has raised her total gift to \$100,000, which covers the entire cost of the building. At the time of Mrs. Sage's orig-inal gift it was understood that in addition to giving the land on which the building stands at Borden and West avenues, Long Island City, the Long Island Railroad would give \$15,000.

Lieut. Berry, a White House Aide, to Marry

a New Jersey Girl. BERNARDSVILLE, N. J., June 16 .- Announcement is made of the engagement of Miss Lucy Haldane Lindabury, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Richard V. Lindabury, to Lieut. Robert Lawrence Berry, U.S. N. The wedding will take place in the autumn at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Lindabury. Lieut. Berry's home is in Newport, Ky. He is now one of the White House aides.

Hotel Astor Roof Garden Opens The Hotel Astor opened its roof garden last night. Its opening on Monday evening with a women's club festival was prevented by the rain.

Taylor-Beakes. MIDDLETOWN, N.Y., June 16. - Miss Jeanette Emeline Beakes, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Alonzo Beakes, was married this afternoon to Senator John Caldwell Rainey Taylor at the home of the bride, 36
Washington street. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Walter Rockwood Ferris, pastor of the Park Central Presbyterian Church of Syracuse. The bride was attended by her sister, Mrs. William Henry Clisdell of Philadelphia, as matron of honor. Special County Judge Herbert B. Royce was best man. Senator and Mrs. Taylor will sail to-morrow on the Lusitania and will be abroad two months.

PHYSICIAN WHO ATTENDED THE NEGRO PIANIST SAYS SO.

He Knew Him Years Age and Declares There is No Doubt That He Was the Original-Woman With Whom He Lived Has Gone Away-Who'll Get His Money

It was Blind Tom who died in Hoboken on Saturday and was buried from Campbell's undertaking rooms in this city on Monday, just as the first reports had it. At any rate that's what Dr. Charles A. Gilchrist of Hoboken says, and Dr. Gil-christ ought to know, for he knew Tom years ago and attended him in his last

It was nothing new the story of the doubts raised even among those who said that they had known Tom years agone and who couldn't believe that the man whose body they saw was old Blind Tom, ecause Tom ought to have appeared an

Twenty-five years ago old timers, "War Democrats" and others, were saying that the Blind Tom who was then going about this section giving concerts or playing at religious revivals was not the original Blind Tom, the Tom who was born a slave and an idiot-an idiot save for his wonderfut gift for music. They had heard Tom and had seen him just after the civil war, and the man who in the '80s was playing under that name, they said, could not be and was not the one who had brought fortune to his one time owner, because the man of the '80s looked no older than the boy of the days just after the war.

But there were others who lacked courage to believe the Tom of Hoboken was Thomas Wiggins, the old time negro boy plane player, because of the fact that a tablet down at Johnstown, Pa., declares that Blind Tom died in the flood that overtook that city. A considerable time after the flood, however, a woman was found harboring Blind Tom here in New York, over in East Twenty-first street. No one was permitted to visit him there; no one was permitted inside the flat. The grocer's delivery boy used to leave his things in a basket which was set outside the apartment door and go away, and then a man or woman from inside would take in the things.

At 60 Twelfth street, Hoboken, where Blind Tom and Mrs. Lerche, who has retained charge of him for many years in spite of all the courts, had been living for some time past, the same methods have characterized the rulers of the apartment. At Twenty-first street, New York, there was Mr. Lerche also; at Twelfth street, Hoboken, there has been only Mrs. Lerche besides Tom, except that occasionally another man used to come around whom the neighbors heard was Mrs. Lerche's son. But no one else was allowed in the Lerche apartment and the basket was set outside the door for the grocer's boy, just as fifteen years ago in Twenty-first street, Manhattan. Not even the janitor knew aught of the inside of the Lerche flat.

And many were the stories and the conjectures of the dwellers in the quiet apartment house with its many tenants. They even told of the mysterious man in Mrs. Lerche's flat having been seen going in alone although reputed blind, and wearing a veil, and it was therefore figured out that perhaps he was disfigured. tained charge of him for many years in spite

alone although reputed blind, and wearing a veil, and it was therefore figured out that perhaps he was disfigured. And the mystery there deepened when two months ago the music from the Lerche rooms ceased and when on Saturday afternoon it was told that Tom was dead and when at about 9 o'clock Saturday evening the undertaker came and quietly took the body away, the tenants knew not where But Dr. Gilchrist, who lives near the Stevens mansion at Castle Point, Hoboken, said yesterday that he had attended Blind Tom and that it was the original Blind Tom Stevens mansion at Castle Point, Hoboken, said yesterday that he had attended Blind Tom and that it was the original Blind Tom who had passed away there on Saturday. Dr. Gilchrist said that Tom had played for him several times recently and that he knew him as the same man he, the doctor, had heard play years ago when the doctor was a youngster. It was Thomas Wiggins who died in Twelfth street, Dr. Gilchrist said, there was no mistake about it.

Mrs. Lerche could not be found yesterday. She had gone, it was said, to the

day. She had gone, it was said, to the country after the funeral of Blind Tom.
Mrs. Lerche was never communicative
anyway, although all Hoboken remembered some of the litigation in which she had figured when attempts had been made to get Tom away from her and to obtain an accounting from her of the earnings of the blind musician, to whom a decree of the courts had at one time awarded \$70,000 of the money he had made, but which he was unable to take care of, as he was unable to take care of himself. There's much speculating now about who will get Blind Tom's money.

Washington-Osborne

The wedding of Miss Lucille Marguerite Graves Osborne and Henry James Lamar Washington, took place yesterday afternoon n the Rutgers Presbyterian Church, Broadway and Seventy-third street. The ceremony was performed at 3:30 o'clock by Henry Spellmeyer, assisted by the Rev. Dr. Robert Mackenzie, pastor of the church. The bride was given in marriage by her father, Robert A. Osborne, with whom she entered. Miss Robina H. Christiam, attended her as maid of honor and Elizabeth Kathleen Graves Osborne was the flower maiden. There were no bridesmaids. William Gage Brady assisted the bridegroom as hest man and Samuel Thompson Hollister, Benjamin F. Tillson, Robert V. Mahon, Jr., of this city, David Graves Wagner, a cosusin of the bride, Walter Douglas Lamar, cosusin of the bride, Walter Douglas Lamar, cosusin of the bridgegroom, John Gardiner Drinkwater of Boston, and Hickman Price of Seattle, Wash., were ushers.

After the church ceremony, the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Robert A. Osborne, gave a reception at their home in the Ansonia. Henry Spellmeyer, assisted by the Rev. Dr

Miner-Sutton.

NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J., June 16.-Miss S. Elizazabeth Sutton of Baltimore, assistant superintendent of the Wells Memorial Hostal, and Daniel Barlow Miner, Rutgers '06. of Catskill, N. Y., were married this evening of Catskill, N. Y., were married this evening in Christ Church. The Rev. E. B. Joyce, rector of the church, assisted by the Rev. J. W. Sutton of St. Paul's Episcopai Church, Baltimore, officiated. Mr. Miner met his wife in the Wells Memorial Hospital while calling on Royal A. Stout, a theological student, who was receiving treatment there.

Mrs. Cushman, a sister of the bridegroom, was matron of honor, and the best man was mr. Cushman, both of New York. H. G. Sutton of Baltimore, gave his sister away.

The ushers, who were all Beta Theta Pimen of Rutgers College, were George Mount, Daniel Safford, Harry Noble and John Ross MacNeill.

Smith-Day.

SOUTH ORANGE, N. J., June 15 .- At the Church of St. Andrew this afternoon Miss Elizabeth Martine Day, daughter of Mrs. Stephen Delevan Day, was married to Raymond W. Delevan Day, was married to Raymond W. Smith, son of Mr. and Mrs. Albridge C. Smith of Orange. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Charles I.. Pardee, rector of St. Andrew's.

Miss Helen Day, sister of the bride, was maid of honor. There were no bridesmaids. Albridge C. Smith, Jr. of Orange, the bridegroom's brother, was beat man. The ushers were Russell Lane of Orange, Harold G. Chatfield of New York, Archibald S. Maurice of Athens, Pa., and Dr. E. Blair Sutphen of Milburn, N. J. Following the ceremony a reception was held at the residence of the bride's mother.

After a short wedding trip, Mr. and Mrs. Smith will live at Woodstock, Ga.

MONTCLAIR, N. J., June 16 .- Miss Nellie Fay Wallace, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ralph H. Wallace of 57 Walnut street, was married to-Bowler of Cleveland, Ohio. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Frank M. Kerr of Hempstead, J. I., a cousin of the bride. The bride was attended by her sisters, Miss Mary Wallace and Miss Gertrude Wallace as bridesmaids. The best man was John C. Wallace of Youngstown, Ohio. A reception followed the wedding. After returning from a wedding tour Mr. and Mrs. Bowler will reside in Cleveland.

The bride's father is general passenger agent of the Eric Railroad. Bowler of Cleveland, Ohio. The ceremony

CORNELL ALUMNI GATHER. Pouring Into Sthaca on Special Train

STEPS ALADA ESPANANTE EN LOS TRADA

ITHACA, N. Y., June 18.—The Cornell special from Chicago arrived in this city to-day with 299 shouting Cornellians from the West aboard. Special cars from New York and the South also brought many more alumni back to Ithaca and to-night they

alumni back to Ithaca and to-night they have possession of the town.

Class tents of red and yellow and white canvas have been erected on alumni field and general headquarters were established in Goldwin Smith Hall. The class reunions and dinners began to-night, but the big alumni doings will take place to-morrow.

Two of the most conspicuous men of the alumni are John N. Ostrom, '77, stroke of the Cornell crew of 1875, often called the father of the Cornell navy, and Eddie Foote, the stroke of the 1906 and 1907 orew. The oldest and youngest living graduate strokes of the navy exchanged hearty greetings.

strokes of the navy exchanged hearty greetings.

The class day exercises of the class of 1908 were held on the campus to-day. The graduating class met in front of the university armory and headed by the marshals, George D. Bills of Chicago and William H. Harries of Buffalo, marched to the armory, where the first half of the programme was carried out.

Henry T. Kent of Clifton Heights, Pa., delivered the class oration. He was followed by Miss Frances Hickman of Buffalo, who read the class poem. Miss Ethel Hamilton of Ben Avon. Pa., read the class essays. Robert Eugene Samuels of Brooklyn delivered the memorial oration, and Leroy Rosengren Goodrich of Buffalo, president of the senior class, gave the farewell address for the class.

The class then marched to Goldwin Smith Hall, where the customary ivy planting

Hall, where the customary ivy planting occurred, with Clarence Eugene Baer of occurred, with Clarence Eugene Baer of New Castle, Pa., giving the ivy oration. The class prophecy was read by Harold Joseph Snyder of Auburn. Thomas Glenn Durkan of Watertown read the class history. Robert Moss Henderson of Montgomery, Ala., presented the pipe to Lewis Henry of Elmira, who accepted on behalf of the class of 1909. A memorial tablet designed by Harmann MacNeil of New York city was unveiled in Sibley College to-day in honor of Robert Henry Thurston, former dean of the college. The tablet was the gift of undergraduates at Cornell at the time Thurston died and of Sibley alumni.

PEEKSKILL ACADEMY IS 75. Anniversary Celebrated With Impressive

Ceremonies-Big Class Graduated. PEEKSKILL, June 16.—Peekskill Academy celebrated the seventy-fifth anniversary of its founding to-day with impressive ceremonies. In connection with the commencement exercises anniversary addresses were made by Prof. Henry Burchard Fine, dean of Princeton University, and Dr. Charles Hubbard Judd, professor of psychology at Yale. The anniversary poem was read by Edward Wells, Jr., of the class of '80, president of the alumni association, and the historical sketch by Sanford R. Knapp of the class of '50, president of the board of

trustees.

The procession of trustees and faculty and distinguished guests, in full costume, started from the library at 2 o'clock and marched to the armory, where the exercises were held. Immediately following these the military exercises were reviewed by Col. Edward Duffy of the Sixty-ninth Regiment, Infantry, National Guard, New York city. In the evening the class exercises of the graduating class, the largest in the history of the academy, were held in the armory, followed by the senior reception.

These exercises, together with the bacca-laureate sermon, which was preached on Sunday by Prof. Hugh Black of Union Theological Seminary, marked the closing of the most successful year in the history of the school.

SHONTS TALKS ON LIBRARIES. Makes Address at Dedication of New Building at Drake University.

DES MOINES, Ia., June 16,-Theodore P Shonts delivered the address to-day at the dedication of the new library building at Drake University, which was founded by Gen. Francis M. Drake, Mrs. Shonts's father. The building of the library was made possible by a large contribution from

Mr. Shonts spoke of the history and importance of the library. The first free public library was established in America at Petersborough, N. H., in 1833, and the idea spread rapidly. America was also the home of the circulating library idea. This was inaugurated in New York in 1892, and ten years later there were 1,000 trayelling libraries in that State alone. Mr. Shonts had much to say about college libraries and how the students should use them. "The libraries of the world contain them. "The libraries of the world contain the gold which has been washed down from all the mountains of past experience," he said. "They are mines, ready to be worked, richer than the fabled Golconda, and by digging deeply into the one which is to be established here the students of Drake established here the state of the University will make themselves more than millionaires, for they will fill their minds with that which money cannot buy, but which can be acquired only by individual

HUGHES GOES TO BROWN. Will Attend Commencement There and

Also at Colgate. ALBANY, June 16. Gov. Hughes left this afternoon for Providence, R. I., to attend the commencement to-morrow of Brown University. The Governor will not return to Albany until Thursday.

HAMILTON, N. Y., June 16. Gov. Hughes will attend the commencement exercises of Colgate University to be held on Thursday, June 25. The Governor will arrive day, June 25. The Governor will arrive that he will get an honorary degree. After the exercises he will be escorted to the Delta Upsilon Fraternity House, where a reception will be held in his honor. Subsequently he will deliver an address at the alumni banquet. Gov. Hughes spent his first two college years at Colgate before going to Brown.

Smith's Largest Graduating Class.

NORTHAMPTON, Mass., June 16 .- The thirtieth annual commencement at Smith College to-day was notable for the fact that the graduating class numbers 297, the largest in the history of the college. Dr. Hugh Black of the Union Theological Seminary, New York, delivered the commencement

The Seagoers. Sailing to-day by the White Star liner Adriatic for Plymouth, Cherbourg and Southampton

Mr. and Mrs. M. Taylor Pine, F. Bayard Rives, Henry Wood Salisbury, Winthrop Soule, Mrs. Harold G. Villard, John I. Waterbury, Miss Gladys Waterbury, Mr. and Mrs. John C. Westervelt and Mrs. Granville M. White. Passengers by the Cunarder Lusitania, off for Queenstown and Liverpool:

Sir Robert Borwick, Count Tcherep Spiridovitch, Gen. and Mrs. E. P. Meany, the Right Rev. Mackay-Smith, Bishop Coadjutor of Pennsylvania: Mrs. Mackay-Smith, the Rev. Frederick E. Mortimer, Mr. and Mrs. W. D. McCracken, Palmer H. Langdon, E. H. Outerbridge, Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Julintre, Bishop George H. Kinselving of Texas and Mrs. Kinselving, Mrs. James Henry Smith, and Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Guggenheim.

About the Holland-America Line steam. Aboard the Holland-America Line steam-ship Potsdam, which sails to-day for Bou-logne and Rotterdam:

logne and Rotterdam:

Baroness von Egloffstein, Mrs. G. Stanley
Hall. Mrs. Harry Lovett Norton, Ralph D.
Osborne, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Spaulding, Mr.
and Mrs. Arthur S. Vernay and D. A. Van
Zandt.

Waterspouts Seen Off Savannah The steamship Huron of the Clyde Line reported by wireless to New York that while off Savannah at 6 o'clock last night she was passed by two large waterspouts at close range. No damage was done to the ship.

Dr. Lyon's **Tooth Powder**

Cleanses, preserves and beautifies the teeth, and Purifies the breath A superior dentifrice for people of refinement Established in 1866 by J. H. Lyon. D.D. S.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Maurice Hewlett has written a modern novel, a story of life in town and country to-day in England, called "Halfway House," which will be published this week. The story opens in the country at a church festival in which the heroine, who is the governess in one of the neighboring families, plays a large part.

"A good cry" has come to be laughed at as a weakness of the mid-Victorian woman, especially those reproduced by the novelists of the time. Now an eminent French specialist has written a treatise in which ne says that a copious flow of tears saves many an attack of nerves, and doubtle if the women of to-day indulged in the old fashioned "good cry" they would not suffer so much from depression and would have less need of other anodynes for their troubles. This French doctor also says that we do our nerves and brains a great deal of good when we open wide the flood-

M. Paul Sabatier, the French author and authority on the subject of St. Francis of Assisi, lives in Assisi the greater part of the year. He is greatly interested in the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals and has succeeded in getting the support of the municipal authorities for that society.

A new book by Mrs. Everard Cotes to be published in the autumn will be entitled A Canadian Girl in London." It is somewhat similar in style to "An American Girl in London," which was an entertaining commentary on English manners and the English point of view. Mrs. Cotes is herself a Canadian by birth and has lived in England

Alice and Egerton Castle are to publish new novel in the autumn, the first they have written since "If Youth But Knew." The title is "Wroth," and the story is in the romantic vein in which these writers are at their best. Mr. Castle is an expert at fencing, a fine swordsman and pistol shot. The favorite recreations of these writers are cycling and rambling in country scenery and about old towns.

Albert Kinross's new novel, "Joan of Garioch," is a story of adventure and mystery. Mr. Kinross takes his characters pretty well over Europe, but the most exciting scenes occur in the Balkan States The author is an Englishman and was a special correspondent in eastern and southeastern Europe during the Russo-Japanese War. Some of the characters and at least one of the most exciting incidents in the story are drawn from life.

Prof. Percival Lowell's articles on Mars which have been appearing recently in the Century are to form the basis of his next book, "Mars the Abode of Life." The articles are to be extensively revised and enlarged by the inclusion of much material of a scientific character. The author takes p the story of evolution after the for of the planetary mass and follows it through the period in which it is capable of sustaining life. He instances Mars as an example of a planes in this state and presents authoritatively the results of his observations made last year. The book is illustrated by photographs and drawings made at the Lowell Observatory.

"The Open Window," by Barbara Campbell (Mabel Osgood Wright), author of "The Garden of a Commuter's Wife," contains twelve stories of human interest. The outdoor backgrounds against which these stories are set follow the months from January to December, the motive being to show the influence of the seasons upon the human temperament.

The new collection of short stories to be brought out under the editorship of Hamilton Wright Mabie, is made up of typical short stories. It includes "Peter Ruggthe Missing Man," by William Austin, one of the earliest short stories, and Owen Wister's "The Game and the Nation."

Mary Stewart Cutting, the well known writer of short stories, has written her first long novel, in which she depicts American life on a large scale. The book will be published this month under the title of "The Wayfarers." Theodosia, the young heroine of this story, is the type the author has drawn many times before, while in the story of her father and mother Mrs. Cutting presents sympathetic studies of persons in noderate circumstances.

"Roy and Ray in Mexico" has been prought out in a third edition; although this is not what may be called the season for juvenile literature. The success of this book has encouraged the publishers to arrange with the author for another journey with "Roy and Ray in Canada." The new book will be brought out early in the autumn and will combine an interesting human story for young folk.

René Bazin's novel "The Nun" has aroused so much interest in this country that another of the French author's novels is to be published under the title of "The Growing Grain." The book is a translation of "Le Blé qui Lève," which has passed a sale of 100,000 copies in France. It is a story of life in the country in France at the present time. Gilbert Cloquet, a woodcutter attached to the old social order but influenced by the socialistic movements around him, moves through struggle and difficulty to a working faith.

The story of "The Real Ninon de l'Encios," by M. Arnould Galopin, has just been brought out in translation by Helen Kendrick Hayes.

The doctors of letters honored with degrees by the new chancellor at Cambridge are Sir George Trevelyan, author of "Interludes"; Sir J. H. Ramsay, the historian, and Mr. Kipling, whose work received appreciation in Cambridge before it was generally recognized by the craics.

A new volume by F. W. Bain is now in press and will soon be published. Those who know Mr. Bein's "Digit of the Moon" and "A Draught of the Blue" will know what to expect of graceful style and Oriental fancy in the new tale, which will be called "An Incarnation of the Snow." There are scenes of mystic and exotic beauty-



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youths fair as gods, perilous enchantress ender maidens of tropical fervor and

abandon, and Lamia-like beauties irresistibly and fatally captivating. It is seldom that an author has the privilege of reviewing his own books. Jesse Lynch Williams was a very young reporter on a New York daily when his first book, "Princeton Stories," which has since run through a dozen editions, first came out. Vance Thompson was the literary critic

iams's name when he asked him if he could write book reviews. "I could try," was the answer. "Well try your hand on this one," said the critic, handing the reporter a copy of his own book. "I'm a Princeton man,"

of the same staff. All new reporters looked

alike to him and he did not know Mr. Will-

Mr. Thompson added, "and I might be prejujudiced." When the review was printed a few days later it concluded with: "We hope to see other and better work by the same pen."

Miss Cecily Hamilton, the author of "Diana of Dobson's," is a Londoner by birth. Her mother was an Irish woman and her father an Englishman of Lowland Scotch descent who commanded a Highland regiment Some of her earlier years were spent in Irish barracks. Since her father's death, which occurred just as she finished school, Miss Hamilton has been in London, both acting and writing.

Mary E. Wilkins-Freeman and Max Pemberton have been exchanging views concerning the new novel each has recently published-"The Shoulders of Atlas" and "Sir Richard Escombe." "Mr. Pemberton," writes Mrs. Freeman, "is an impressionist. He makes one see things. His Kitty Dulcinore is a creature of fire and dew. As for Sir Richard, that gallant hotheaded Celt, would he were really alive, as he seems in each printed page! It is all most refreshing." "Shall I when I go to New England," asks Mr. Pemberton, "meet Sylvia and Henry Whitmore, Horace Allen and Rose Fletcher? Whatever else I may not carry away, a copy of 'The Shoulders of Atlas' must certainly go with me."

NEAR HALF THE BOXES COUNTED With a Net Gain for Hearst of Only 337 Votes.

Hearst gained 109 votes net on the recount of 155 ballot boxes yesterday. This brings his total net gain to date up to 337 votes on 986 boxes, or \$6-100 of a vote to a box. The recount has now covered nearly one half the ballot boxes and Hearst has over-come less than a tenth of McClellan's plu-rality. The score yesterday was:

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